

High Theatre Co.

THE
WEDDING:
A Tragi-Comi-Pastoral
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT GARDEN.

With an HUDIBRASTICK SKIMINGTON.

Written by Mr. HAWKER.

*'Tis sure there are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
And that's the Reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages.*

Hud.

WITH
The OVERTURE by Dr. PERUSCH.
Also the Music to each Song, Engraven on COPPER
PLATES.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. MEARS, at the Lamb, on Ludgate-
Hill. M.DCC.XXXIV. [Price 1s.]



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Peartree, a Gardener, in Love } *Mr. SALWAY.*
with *Margery*

Rako, his Friend. *Mr. HAWKER.*

Ply, a Waterman, design'd to } *Mr. HALL.*
marry *Margery*.

Razoir, a French Barber, Sui- } *Mr. WILCOX.*
tor to *Margery*.

1st Brideman.  *Mr. CLARK.*

W O M E N.

Margery, a Fruit-Gatherer, in } *Mrs. CANTREL.*
Love with *Peartree*.

Mother to Margery. *Mrs. EGLETON.*

The SCENE FULHAM.

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THE
WEDDING.

SCENE I.

After the Overture, the Curtain draws up, and discovers Peartree alone, lying in a melancholy Posture upon the Bank-Side of Fulham.

PEARTREE.

KIND flowing *Thames*, thy Waves move
slowly on,
And gently dash against the worn-out
Stone;

As if they fear'd too rudely to embrace
The tott'ring Piles of this our Landing-Place.

So when to Love-Toys I have been inclin'd,
And press'd my *Marg'ry* to be true and kind;
Lest with her Boddice-Bones I'd done her Harm,
Around her Waist, I'd gently throw my Arm.
This Day's Spring-Tide too sure does sympathise
With my sad Suffering, and swelling rise

To

The WEDDING:

To an uncommon Height ; and seems to say,
 O Garden ! I cou'd ever with thee stay ;
 But Current forces, and I must away.
 So to my *Margery* I oft have cry'd,
 As I sat gath'ring Peasecods by her Side ;
 O *Marg'ry* ! I cou'd ever with thee stay,
 But the Tide serves, farewell, I must away.

Then I was blest, but O ! I ne'er shall more
 Help her to gather in the Market Store !
 Adieu *Stocks-Market*, farewell *Common-Garden* !
 Where I have taken many a lucky Farden.
 Farewel this once lov'd Bank, and purling Stream,
 Which, with my *Madge*, a Paradise did seem :
 Now all is vanish'd, like an idle Dream.

A I R I. Gently touch the warbling Lyre,

*Many Love Fits I have had,
 But none e'er like this have known ;
 This Wench's Charms have made me Mad,
 And quite turn'd me upside down.
 'As Leeks and Onions to Broth relish give,
 From her I Life and Joy receive.*

*Some say, Pease-Porridge bursts the Gut ;
 Surely Love will break the Heart :
 If I had never seen this Slut,
 I ne'er then had felt this Smart.
 O cruel Madge, be yet my Bride !
 If not, may Tom drub well thy Hide.*

SCENE II. Enter *Rako*.

Rako. Hey day ! *Peartree* alone, and melancholy !
 What can occasion this surprizing Folly !

What

A BALLAD-OPERA.

What ails the Man! he neither sees, nor hears;
Sure thou art boozy with thy own salt Tears!
Rouze Man, and speak, shake off this fullen Mood.

Pear. Rako, thou hast to me been ever good.

Rako. Peartree, thou know'st, I'd serve thee with
my Blood.

Pear. We long have lov'd, thy Faithfulness I've
try'd,

In many a Battle boxing by my Side.
Of ev'ry Joy but thee I am bereft;
Now thou art all the Comfort I have left. (*Cries.*

AIR II. Whilst the Town's brim full of Folly.

Rako. Whilst the Town runs all a Gadding,
You lye sniv'ling here a Madding;
They sing, dance, and briskly quaff:

*Why all this puling, crying, pining?
Hang all sobbing, sighing, whining;
Prithce rise, be gay and laugh.*

Why do you cry?

Pear. Rako, In Love I'm crost;

Marg'ry my Sweetheart, *Margery* is lost.

Rako. Ah *Peartree*, you're too good, and love too
true;

Had you first slighted her, she a'd follow'd you.

AIR III. Bury-Fair.

No more let Sorrow pain you;
Since *Madge* has prov'd unkind:
What tho one false disdain you,
An hundred more you'll find.

Refrain

The WEDDING:

*Refrain your Love, she'll sue for't,
 And follow you the more;
 The false Slut then will rue for't,
 And soon your Joy restore.
 Then merry merry, merry merry, merry merry, be,
 And rove and range, and range and rove like me.*

Pear. This Preaching's vain; we love, and, as a
 Token,

A crooked Sixpence was between us broken.
 Yet, do I live to say it! I am crost,
 And my dear best lov'd *Margery* is lost.

Rako. This is a Blow I did not dread!
 What, is she false, or sick, or is she dead?

Pear. Mine is the saddest Chance that e'er you knew:
 She lives, yet's dead; she's false, and yet she's true.
 Being to Goodness from her Youth inclin'd,
 Whate'er the Parson says, so fills her Mind,
 That, tho' she loves me, dearer than her Life,
 To obey Mamma, she'll be another's Wife.

Tom Ply! who's lately to our Parish come!

Tom Ply! by whose curst coming I'm undone!

But he has Gold alas, and I have none!

Rako. What Pity 'tis, so ill a Woman shou'd
 A Daughter have so dutiful, and good!

AIR IV. When bright Aurelia.

How curst is Woman's greedy Mind!

To Riches still inclin'd!

Where Wealth is, they will none refuse;

The Devil himself with Money chuse;

To true Love always blind.

Pear.

A BALLAD-OPERA.

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Pear. This is the Day, the cruel Fates decree,
That *Margery* and *Ply*, must marry'd be!
Here, as to Church they go, I will receive
Her last Farewel, and take my fatal Leave.
Leave did I say! That Thought I cannot bear!
No, from the Traytor's Arms I will her tear.
Shall e'er so true a Pair of Lovers part?
Sooner these Hands shall tear the Villain's Heart;
Or, in a Cause so honest, and so just,
Beat out his Brains, and roll him in the Dust.

AIR V. Bartholomew-Fair.

Will pluck up a Courage, 'ere he to Church shall go;
Love has not so charm'd me,
Nor fear so disarm'd me,
To bear it so:
Tho' he's such a sturdy Looby, built so strong and tight,
Will box, kick, cudgel, or wrestle, to gain her by't.

Rako. Peartree, this Course *Marg'ry* will ne'er
approve,

and by it you will surely lose her Love.

Pear. *Rako*, thou dost not know the bitter Pain,
is to love; and, tho' belov'd again,
or both to sigh, and wish, yet wish in vain.

Like flaming Marrow-Bones I fry, I burn!
With Love and Rage my Heart is rent and torn,
Like an old Garment that has long been worn!

Rako. Alas! I pity you, and feel your Grief;
That Pity's fruitless that brings no Relief.

AIR

The WEDDING:

AIR VI. Bath Medly.

Be ever merry,
 Brisk, gay, and airy;
 It is but a folly,
 To be melancholy:
 Ne'er think of To-Morrow,
 But cast off all Sorrow;
 For carking and caring belongs to the Great.

Content is Treasure,
 Gives Joy without Measure;
 Wealth is but a Bubble
 Of Folly and Trouble:
 While great ones grieve daily,
 We'll laugh and sing gayly,
 And look with Contempt on their wretched hard Fate.

Pear. Like one that's to the Gallows doom'd and
 Who knows, when Morning comes, that he must die:
 Yet Night to him, so horrid does appear,
 He sighs, and, sometimes, wishes Morning near;
 Then, starting at the Thoughts of coming Day,
 He weeps, and wishes Night wou'd ever stay.
 Oft looks he for the Light he so much fears,
 And each bright Star to him a Sun appears.
 But when Morn comes, then all his Hopes are o'er;
 With fruitless Sighs and Tears he does deplore
 The Rising-Sun, which he must ne'er see more.

AIR VII. O! how pleasant are young Lovers.

Wou'd up Holbourn I were sailing,
 In a Cart to Tyburn-Tree!
 Since my Love is not prevailing,
 Friendly Halter set me free.

A BALLAD-OPERA.

*Joy and Comfort now forsake me,
Nought but Death can give me Ease;
Grief and Sorrow overtake me;
There I'd swing, and die in Peace.*

Rako. I've just now thought which Way to ease
thy Pain;

I'll break this Match, and set all right again.

Pear. Away, you flatter me; it cannot be.

Rako. It shall: Take Heart, and leave the rest
to me.

I've laid a Scheme, I'll warrant you, will do;
which, anon, I will inform you too.

Under she is; *Pear-tree*, be mild and meek,

Rage be dumb, and like a Lover speak.

Pear. She comes, she comes, whose Beauty has
undone me;

O! she comes, to go for ever from me!

Rako. Let's hide ourselves behind the Bank,
and see,

if, as thou griev'st for her, she grieves for thee;
Or if, like other Women, false she be.

A I R VIII. O cara Speme. Minuet.

*If Ply's fine Speeches,
And well-lin'd Breeches,
Marg'ry bewitches,
Twill give you Disdain.*

*Then by To-morrow,
You'll laugh at Sorrow,
And from her borrow
A Cure for your Pain.*

B

[Exeunt.
SCENE

The WEDDING:

SCENE III. Margery alone.

AIR IX. Send back my long-stray'd Eyes.

*Tho' humble are my Birth and State,
Yet I am wretched as the Great!
I'm forc'd like them, for poultry Pelf,
In Love distress'd,
By Duty press'd,
To please Mamma, and plague my self.*

Here, with my Peartree, often have I sat,
'Till tann'd in Sunshine; wetted thro' my Hat!
But Rain or Shine, 'twas all alike; poor I
For nothing else did care, so he were by!
Peartree, the comeliest Youth my Eyes e'er saw!
Peartree so wise, that what he said was Law!
Peartree so stout, he kept the Town in Awe!
Peartree, belov'd of all the Maids! yet he,
I'faith's true-hearted, and loves none but me.

SCENE IV. Enter Peartree.

I come, dear Madge, to say no more but this;
Before I die, let's have a parting Kiss.

Marg. Ay, take it, Peartree, whilst 'tis mine to
give,

And may it last as long as both shall live.

I am not marry'd yet; I will, I will,

'Tho' 'twixt my Love and me there stood a Hill

High as the Monument, or run a Stream

Wide as the Thames, I'd venture thro' to him:

Not

A BALLAD-OPERA.

II

For Hills, nor Streams, my Love and me should
part;

Eyes. d snatch him thus, thus hold him to my Heart!
ut I must go, the WEDDING stays for me;
h cursed WEDDING, since 'tis not to thee!

[Going.

AIR X. Dear pretty Maid.

ear. Dear Margery
Stay, stay and see
Your Peartree's cruel Pain;
Dear Margery, pray pity me,
Pray pity me,
And ease poor Peartree's Pain.

Marg. Dear Peartree turn,
See, see me burn
With Love as hot as thine:
With thee I'd wed,
But I'm forbid;
Ah me, th' worse Luck is mine!

ear. Remember, dear Madge, how oft I have turn'd,
When I left thee behind;
The Scarecrow so
Moves to and fro,
With every Blast of Wind.

Dear Marg'ry turn.

Marg. See, see me burn
With Love hot as thine.

ear. With thee I'd wed.

Marg. But I'm forbid.

oth. Ah me, th' worse Luck is mine!

B 2

Pear.

The WEDDING:

Pear. O my lov'd *Marg'ry*, must we, must we part!

Marg. My Mother is resolv'd to break my Heart!

O *Peartree*, *Peartree*! —————

Pear. ————— O my *Margery*!

Marg. Where are you, Love? (for Crying) I
can't see!

Enter Mother.

Mother. Come, come, make haste; old Sweet-
hearts part too flow;

It now grows late, and we to Church must go.

Pear. And must I lose her! must I at last despair!
What have I done, that I this Plague must bear?
If I had been a wild, unruly Youth,
Had Lying lov'd, and had not spoke the Truth;
Or if my Parents I had disobey'd,
And when I should have work'd, had idly play'd;
Or if to wicked Whoring I were us'd,
Or with ill Language Gentlefolks abus'd;
Then my Affliction had indeed been just;
But now I suffer only 'cause I must.

Marg. Part with my *Peartree*! part, and wed
another!

O cruel *Ply*, and much more cruel Mother!

A I R XI. Don't you rumple my Touzy.

Mother. In vain, in vain is Delaying;

The Parson waits,

And Ply intreats,

In vain, in vain is Delaying;

You trifle the Time away:

The People are all in a taking,

To think that your Spouse you're forsaking;

The Bride Cake too is a baking,

You must no longer stay.

Thou

Thou sniv'ling Carrion, hold thy foolish Tongue;
 Mr. *Ply's* Patience has been try'd too long.
 Thou sham'st thy Breeding too, as one may say,
 To misbehave thus, on thy *Wedding-Day*.
 With crying thus, thy Face is almost spoil'd;
 The Leg of Mutton will be overboil'd.
 Marry come up; why here's a Rout I tro;
 When I, like you, was to be Wed, I know,
 I was a little squeamish too, and shy;
 But then I didn't blubber, whine, and cry,
 Tho' I was loth the ricklish State to try.
 Yet after all, I boldly ventur'd on,
 And bless'd my Stars next Morn, that it was done.

AIR XII. From me to thee she turns her Eyes.

Don't fly,

Comply

And take your Spouse;

'Ere Morn you'll smiling say

'Twas vain to weep,

And strive to keep

What must and will away.

Tho' Fear a while the Maid alarms,

Love's Tryal soon that Fear disarms,

And drives all Care away.

[Exit.

Marg. Sure they're deceiv'd, who think with
 Grief to die!

At least I cannot, while my *Peartree's* by!
 The *Daizy* thus, that decks the flow'ry Fields,
 Beneath the Plowman's heavy Hobnails yields;

Shrinks

Shrinks, droops, inclines its Head, and does not thrive,

Yet while the Day remains, it keeps alive,
Warm'd and preserv'd by the enliv'ning Sun;
But withers quite, and dies when that is gone.

Pear. Ah! whither art thou going? Cursed Thought!

Now I cou'd call thy Mother all to naught,
Run mad, fall out, and fight to keep thee Mine;
Ply has no Right, and I can ne'er Resign!

Marg. When I am dead, my Mother'll wish too late,
She had'nt forc'd on me the Man I hate.
When that Time comes, let this Thought dry her Eyes;

I more than said, I learnt my Catechise.

A I R III. Con forza a Scoza.

*I'm lost for ever!
Peartree will never
More have the Favour
To kiss his poor Fool!
Unlucky Gipsy!
Sure I was tipsy,
Or rather stark mad when I promis'd this Tool!*

*Grief beyond Measure!
I've lost a Treasure!
Such an Armsful of Pleasure
As never was born!
Amongst all Curses,
Sure the worst is
To love, yet be forc'd to wed where I scorn!*
Pear.

A BALLAD-OPERA.

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Pear. We're like two Kittens long together bred,
That fondly lov'd, and innocently play'd ;
Till one of cruel Heart, and spiteful Pow'r,
Conveys 'em both into the Common-Shore ;
The Male by chance sticks in the clogging Mud,
The tender Female's driven down the Flood ;
Their Death together gladly they receive,
And more their Parting, than their Dying grieve.
But O! in vain to meet, they struggling try ;
Like us they part, and separately die.

[*Peartree is haul'd out one Way,
and Margery another.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Razoir apart:*

Raz. Morbleu, 'vat I sal do? *Margery* marry!
Pauvre Razoir in Love dus to miscarry!
Adieu de Hope of living upon Sallat!
Vel, ven me drown, me sal make von good Ballad ;
And do de Vater stop pore *Razoir's* Breath,
En Sonnet he sal live vid her after his Death.

AIR XIV. French Air.

O vat a Pain is Love!
Me canno bear de Smart ;
Cupid is von grand Rogue
To pierce me vid his Dart.

If Margery prove cruel,
Me go no more to Town ;
De Tames sall quens de Fuel,
For dare me vill go drown.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter the WEDDING.*AIR XV. *March in Floridante.*

Ply. *On this happy Day
That banishes all Care away,
To celebrate
Our happy State,
Let every one be gay.*

Chorus. *Come sing Boys, let's be gay,
Upon this happy, happy Day;
And celebrate
Their happy State
With Musick, Mirth, and Play.*

Ply. *This is the happy Day,
That gives me Joy and Pleasure;
Blest Ply, happy now,
Beyond all Measure.*

Chorus. *This is the happy Day,
That gives you Joy and Pleasure;
Blest Pair, happy now,
Beyond all Measure.*

Marg. *Cease these gay Sounds, nor aught that's
frisky play;
Your Fiddles break, and throw the Sticks away,
Or tune your mournful'st Notes upon this Day;
And with my doleful Ditty bear a Part,
Sung with a trembling Voice, and broken Heart
O Peartree! ———*

Ply. — *Marg'ry*, how you shew your Wit;
Thinking on him, poor Wretch, you me forget.

Mother. Why, what a Whining's here! Hussy
a' done;

sure I know best who's fit to be my Son.
There's Mr. *Ply* can keep a Pair of Oars,
and has got Money to pay Alehouse Scores.

AIR XVI. Come follow, follow me.

*That Wench is surely blest,
Whose Love has Store of Gold:
Of all Things that's the best,
To have, and eke to hold.
Other Joys will fade away,
But Love with Gold will ever stay.*

Ply. You say that *Peartree's* handsome; that may
be:

I think myself a finer Man than he.

Marg. Lud how he struts; how odious is his
Face! }

Oh undone *Madge*, how wretched is thy Case, }
Unless you save me from his loath'd Embrace! }

AIR XVII. 'Tis my Glory.

*Go thou Varlet,
Wed some Harlot,
That has danc'd behind a Cart.*

*Tho' my Mother
Makes this Pother,
Thou shalt never have my Heart.*

C

Love

*Love alone can that command,
Tho' thou, thief-like, steal'st my Hand;
Yet Madge will ever love her Peartree.*

*Go thou Elf,
Hang thy Pelf,
I love Peartree.*

Mother. Out, out, alas! thou want'st thy Mother's Wit;

*Thou can'st not tell what Men or Things are fit
Cou'dst thou judge well, thou'dst not make all this Pother*

*For such a worthless Fellow: Mind thy Mother,
Who better knows; see here what I present ye
A Man of his great Parts may sure content ye.*

*Ply. Ay, by my Troth, such Parts as he has none
Were I to shew my Strength, he'd go to Pot.
For Skill in Fight, tho' Bragging is my Scorn,
'Tis known a stouter Fellow ne'er was born.
When brave *Fullhamians* and *Putneyians* fought,
To be their Captain I most fit was thought.
I led 'em on, and thought to gain the Day,
Till poor *Fullhamians* 'gan to run away;
Then lifting up my mighty Boat-hook high,
I'll conquer yet *Fullhamians*, did I cry.
Before my Courage, which did never fail,
Men fell as thick as Hops, or Winter's Hail.
When they no longer cou'd my Force abide,
I took their Part, and beat the t'other Side.*

A Forget

AIR XVIII. Ghosts of e'ery Occupation.

*Oft' with Men of sturdy Fashion,
 E'ery Rank and e'ery Nation,
 I've my Courage try'd in Battle;
 Broke their Bones and made 'em rattle,
 Then left 'em sprawling in their Blood.
 Heft'ring Braves that roar'd like Thunder,
 I have fought, and made knock under.
 In this Town I've kept my Charter,
 And would never yet give Quarter.*

*Back-sword Bullies,
 Fencing Cullies,
 Boxing Whipsters,
 Wrestling Tripsters,
 And ever made my Party good.*

But this is nothing to what I have done.

Mother. Sure I have got an Angel for my Son.

Marg. A lying, bragging Devil, rather say;
Peartree's an Angel, whom you drive away.

Ply. Say what you will; but I'll take care, d'ye see,
 Your Angel ne'er shall make a Devil of me.

Marg. O never fear, since I must be your Wife;
 That is, must be made wretched for my Life;
 When once the Marriage Ceremony's o'er,
 I never will behold my *Peartree* more.

Mother. That's my good Child, you say but
 what is fit;

And *Peartree* then, you quickly will forget.

Marg. Forget! not think upon him, cruel Mo-
 ther!

A Forget my *Peartree*! is there such Another?

The WEDDING:

Chickens shall be forgotten by the Hen ;
 And Maids of fifteen never think of Men ;
 The Valleys all be dry, the Hill-Tops wet ;
 A thousand Things shall be that ne'er were yet ; }
 If, while I live, my *Peartree* I forget !

SCENE VII. *Enter Peartree and Rako.*

Pear. I'm come once more, to gaze upon thy Face,
 To take a Kiss, and beg a last Embrace.

[*They embrace.*

Ply. Sure you have little Value for your Life,
 That dare before my Face thus hug my *Wife*.

Pear. Before thy Face, thou Fool; and *Wife*,
 and dare !

O! *Marg'ry*, *Marg'ry*, teach me how to bear!

Ply. No Man that wears a Head dares use me so,
 And I'll have Satisfaction ere you go.
 Let's this decide by Boxing; fain I'd try,
 Who *Marg'ry* best deserves, or You, or I.

AIR XIX. To Arms.

Come on, come on, come on, come on,
The Battle let us try :
Madge is the Prize ;
Here before her Eyes,
I will conquer, or I'll die.

Pear. *I come, I come, I come, I come,*
Who never yet did flinch :
For all your Huff,
I'll work your Buff,
'Till you shall not stir an Inch.

Ply.

A BALLAD-OPERA.

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Ply. *See see me spit, and clinch my Fist,
See here's a Leg and Wrist:
Success depends on this, and this, and this, and this,
Which you ha'n't Pow'r to hurt.*

Both. *Come strip into your naked Buff,
And see who best can cuff;
For Marg'ry I'll o'ercome or die;
Come on then, let us try, let us try, &c.*

Marg. *Peartree you're most unkind; you know, if I
you'd see you box, the Fright wou'd make me die.*

[A Noise behind the Scenes.]

Ply. *What Noise is that? —*

1st Brideman. — I'll tell thee: t'other Day,

There was at Neighbour Stitch's House a Fray:

He being but a Taylor had the worse,

And the grey Mare e'en prov'd the better Horse:

And that the Shrew's great Courage may be known,

They ride to Day forsooth a Skimmington.

This sad Example strongly will assure you,

Wedlock's not always blest; e'en let that cure you:

You'll find more Woe than Pleasure with a Spouse,

Ev'n tho' thro' Virtue she shou'd spare your Brows.

Love is the Devil, Marriage all a Cheat,

Let Peartree have her; and do you retreat.

This is a fine Thing to ride about the Town;

May now observe, and make the Case your own.

SCENE

Ply.

The WEDDING:

SCENE VIII.

The March sung by the Women, who precede the
Skimmington Ceremony, as it enters.

AIR XX. March in *Scipio*.

*Good Wives pray learn,
Your Husband's Rage to quell:
And follow this Example,
Whenever they rebel.*

*This Man-like buxom Dame,
The Breeches long has worn;
Henceforth no more be tame,
But valiant in your Turn.*

Then good Wives all pray learn, &c.

*After the Skimmington is gone by, enter Officers, who
seize Ply.*

Officer. Friend, we Arrest you. ———

Ply. ——— Surely you are mistaken.

*Officer. Come, come, no Shuffling; that won't
save your Bacon.*

*Your fly Conveyance has at last miscarry'd;
You must with us, instead of being Marry'd.
We seize both You and your ill-gotten Wealth,
Being inform'd you smuggle Goods by Stealth;
And pay the King no Duty——*

*Ply. ——— Pox of ill Luck!
That it shou'd happen now; I'm Thunder struck!
The*

A BALLAD-OPERA.

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The Pitcher to the Well, tho' oft does come,
'Tis brought, like me, at last quite broken home.

[*They carry Ply off.*]

[*Peartree and Margery run into
each other's Arms.*]

SCENE IX. AIR XXI. Si caro. Minuet.

Marg. See, see, how the Pow'rs Above,
Ever reward and bless true-hearted Love :
Now Ply's gone, I'm Peartree's again;
Welcome all Pleasure, farewell to all Pain.
In thy Arms I shall be,
Free from Harms, blest in Thee,
Now Joy returns again.

Pear. O! my dear Marg'ry, O! my o'erfond Heart!
Now tell thy Mother we must never part.

AIR XXII. Chloe proves false.

Mother. What dreadful Mischief this Rogue has been
brewing.

Marg. Thank my kind Stars 'tis now quite over-
blown.

Pear. Since your dear Daughter is thus sav'd from
Ruin,

Hear a true Lover, and no longer frown.

Marg. Your Looks discover,
Your Fury is over.

Pear. Your Blessing now we crave.

Mother. That you shall freely have,
Your Joys to crown.

[*Mother.*]

The WEDDING, &c.

Mother. Since I was thus deceiv'd, your Face
 I'll give o'er;
 For I'm resolv'd never to part your more :
 My Girl shall never marry such a Cheat ;
 I'm glad I knew it too, 'ere 'twas too late.
 And since the Folks are all here at my bidding,
 Now Tom Ply's gone, it shall be Peartree's WEDDING.

AIR XXIII. Tamo Tanto.

CHORUS.

Moth. Good Beer and Brandy, and Gin shall inspire us
 Ev'ry one here, shall be jovial and gay.

Pear. Love, Musick, Dancing, and Kisses will fire us
 Nothing but Joy shall be seen on this Day.

Mother. Pressing,
 Caressing,
 With Healths to the new-made Pair.

Pear. Singing,
 Bells ringing,
 Banish all Care.

Omnes. Good Beer and Brandy, &c.



F I N I S.